

Boston Sunday night.

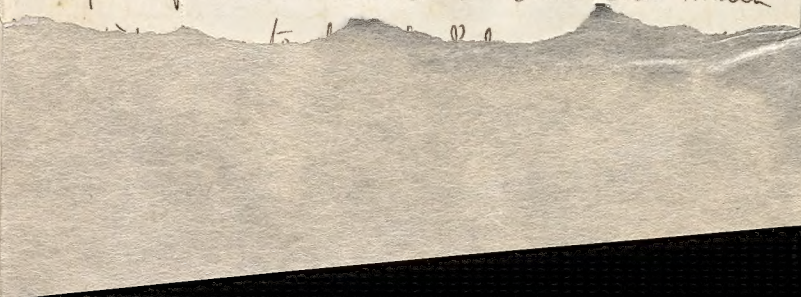
Dear Anne.

You left so suddenly after we had concluded you would stay, that it was night before I fairly made up my mind that you were gone. It seems now as if you must come in every moment & it is only when I go up stairs and find all my things exactly in the place where I put them that I truly realise it. I should have taken to my bed from pure sleepiness had I not been ashamed to, the moment you were out of the house. I kept awake tolerably in the afternoon & went to the library on my return I called at Maria's & found Henry Stanton, & Mrs James-dale there Those people who have Henry Stanton must be careful what they have in their room, for he searched every part of Maria's faithfully, making remarks as he went along. He held forth at a great rate & undertook to teach his grandmother. Just before he left began ^{he} to declare how little

he cared for money "I don't care that
for it" said he throwing a pen which he
was twirling in his hand with considerable
violence on to the table. It flew over the
table however & lighted close by Maria who
picking it up threw it back to him saying
"And I don't care that either". He was a good
deal put down & did not know what to
say. I record it as being the first time I
ever saw him show the least embarrassment.
A week from Tuesday he is to address our
society in the best place we can get. Miss Ball
is trying to get the Odeon now. Miss Sullivan
hopes to get 2 places ^{& take our choir} notice is to be sent to
the churches. Maria spent the evening with
us reading Pilgrim's progress & laying plans
to raise money. I was so sleepy when ~~when~~
~~I went~~ I went to bed, that I had vague
fears come over me that ~~when~~ if I slept
I should never wake up again.

This morning I did not get up till 8 & found
that my sleepiness proceeded from a cold
in my head. I was distressed when I saw
the weather just as bad as ever for I hope
the hot weather will carry your cold entirely

off. & is I think the only thing that will.
My cold and the weather were both so bad
that I did not dare go to Mr. Blayden's, but
went to the Free Church to hear brother Fitch.
He preached a most excellent sermon. The
text, "Be thou faithful unto death &c" I have
not heard so good a one since dear brother
Chelms left us. I dined at Maria's. When
I left at 12 o'clock.



MS. A. 9. 2. 16. 6